

Honesty by kidbyers

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Genre: Byeler - Freeform, M/M, a bit of homophobia from Mike's parents, it's not all sad don't worry

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Summary:

Mike's parents tell him that they disapprove Will being gay, and want Mike to stop hanging around him. Mike refuses, and leaves. After that, Mike talks to Will.

Honesty

Author's Note:

Hey! I worked really hard on this fic so let me know if you enjoyed it!

"Michael, can you come down here? Your father and I want to talk to you about something." Karen spoke up the stairs to Mike, who came down seconds later, puzzled.

"What's this about?" Mike asked, sitting down in a seat across from his mother.

"Well.." His mother danced around the subject cautiously. "We've wanted to talk to you about this for a long time and we just haven't found the right way to bring it up." Karen turned her gaze over to her husband, gesturing for him to speak to their son.

"You're not in trouble Michael." Ted explained, which left Mike to settle a bit in his chair. He wasn't exactly relaxed either, but he at least didn't assume the situation to go terribly awry.

"Then what's going on?" Mike questioned. He just wanted them to spit it out. He couldn't handle the anticipation.

"We recently found out that Will.. is gay." Karen said with hesitation.

"And?" A silent prayer went through his head as he tried to cling to any hope he had left for the conversation not to plummet downhill.

"Well we can't let you hang around him anymore." Karen stated. Mike's stomach dropped and he felt his face go hot. He was angry, and disappointed in the split second it took for his mother to say those words. He gripped tightly onto the edge of the table, trying to suppress everything inside of him telling him to yell. God, Mike didn't want to have to lecture his own parents, but if that's what it took for

them to understand then he'd just about have to.

"What? Are you serious?" He genuinely couldn't believe what he was hearing. He never suspected his parents to be.. anything like this. Sure he knew they weren't always the most liberal when it came to politics and all that crap, but homophobic? He'd tried to think of any instances where he'd even heard his parents talk about gay people, let alone form an opinion about them.

"Yes Michael. I've been doing some thinking and.. Well we think it's for the best." Karen tried to explain herself, while Ted tried to clarify for her.

"Son. We know he's a good kid. It's just we can't have you around someone.. with that kind of lifestyle. I know he's just a kid your age but still."

"I can't believe you. I can't believe you! You just.. just like that? That's so messed up. You *cannot* make me." Mike was fuming. His knuckles were turning white from how hard he gripped onto the table. He assumed his face was about bright red now, from the anger and frustration he was feeling. He felt sick, completely nauseated.

"Michael. Please don't talk in that tone. We just want what's best for you."

He scoffed. "What's best for me? For me? You mean for yourselves! And what do you think is best for Will? He's probably dealing with enough already, and you think this is going to make him feel any better about being accepted? That his friends parents don't want anything to do with him? How do you think he'll-" He was done with being courteous. He didn't think he was ever this angry at his parents before. All the times before, angry because of a stupid grounding or a scolding he got made him roll his eyes or slam his door.

"Michael! Now you just calm down young man. Your mother and I don't want any fighting here. We've said what we've said and you're going to listen. Understand?" Ted stood up in his chair, a hand extended out to his son.

"No. You don't understand! He's my best friend!" Mike couldn't tell if he was shaking or not.

"Our decision is final, we've made up our minds." Karen insisted. She looked directly at Mike, who was nearly about to break in front of her eyes.

Mike stood up abruptly, his chair nearly toppling over. His vision blurred as hot tears streamed down his face. He clutched tightly on to the edge of the table, trying to steady himself.

"I can't believe you! You liked Will before but now? I'm so.." He took one hand from the table and wiped his face, not daring to look his parents in the eyes.

"There's no reason for you to be this upset." Ted seemed to be at his wits end, glancing between his wife and his son.

"I hate you.." Mike whispered angrily.

"Michael Wheeler! I cannot believe what I just heard."

"You heard me! I hate you! I'm leaving!" He ran to the door, past the stairs where Nancy was standing, leaning against the ledge. She had probably seen most of the fight, and Mike didn't even care to explain. As Mike left, Nancy saw Mike's face, red and stained with tears. He pulled his jacket off of the coat rack, slamming the door behind him. He crossed the lawn to the garage, hopping on his bike and peddling away. He just wanted to get the hell away from his house. Home didn't feel safe anymore. The evening wind hit his face as he peddled faster and faster.

It took him a while, but eventually he made it to the house. He took a deep breath, and knocked onto the door. Mike hoped his face wasn't still red, or if he looked like he'd been crying. He just didn't want anyone to assume anything was wrong.

"Oh Mike! How are you? What're you doing out so late?" Joyce smiled at him, opening the door for Mike. He nearly forgot how late

it was. It was almost completely dark outside, but he must've not been keeping track of the time.

"It's.. my parents. They're mad.. I don't want to be home." Mike looked down, afraid that if he looked up that he'd start crying again. He didn't want to have to break it to Will's mother that his parents had said things about Will, but he couldn't just lie to her.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. Is there anything I can do?" She looked down at Mike, kindly resting her hand on his shoulder.

"Yeah. Knock some sense into them." He laughed half heartedly, still pained by thinking about what his parents had said moments earlier.

"What do you mean?" Joyce asked. She didn't feel like prying into Mike's business with his parents, but she couldn't let the visibly upset boy just stand sadly in front of her. Even if it was her business or not, she wanted to make sure that he was okay.

"They said things about Will. They talked about how bad it was that he's gay.. and that they don't want me to see Will anymore and I couldn't handle it. I just.. I'm so sorry Mrs. Byers." Tears were streaming down his face again, and he didn't fight them this time. Joyce instinctively hugged Mike, even though she could barely fathom the Wheelers saying anything about her son.

"It's not your fault. And it's not Will's either. I'm going to go talk to them, so you can stay here for a while okay? I'll let Jonathan know I'm going out, and you can sit inside." She assured Mike, as the two headed indoors. Joyce went off to talk to Jonathan, so Mike decided to head to Will's room. Will was the reason he was here, and he just needed to see him. Tear stained face and all, Mike knocked on Will's door.

"Mike?" Will looked at the opened door, as Mike stood before him.

"Yeah, it's me." Mike closed the door behind him. Will was at his desk, perched over a few quick drawings he'd been working on that evening. Mike looked over and decided not to impose on Will's freshly made bed. So he just sat on the floor up against the bed, facing towards the desk.

"You know you don't have to sit on the floor." Will smiled, as he put away the colored pencils and crayons currently strewn across the desk. "I heard you talking to my mom outside. What happened?"

Mike wanted more than anything not to have to explain to Will what had happened. He could even tell Joyce, but he'd never let Will know how terribly his parents had talked about Will. He didn't want it to be his fault for Will feeling upset. He didn't want to hurt him.

"My parents are being complete assholes and I had to get away from them. I couldn't stand being in the house tonight."

Will nodded in response. "Worse than normal?" Mike knew that Will meant if it'd been anything worse than he'd previously complained about. All the times Mike would explain to Will some stupid reason his parents had gotten mad at him. He knew this was entirely different, but he couldn't explain the details to Will, no matter how badly he wanted to.

"Yeah. Worse than normal.." Mike told him quietly. It hurt knowing he couldn't be completely honest with Will.

Will got up from the chair at the desk, sitting himself down on the floor across from Mike. Mike gave a small smile and looked back up at Will. Now that Will was sitting closer to Mike, he could tell from his face that Mike had been crying.

"Mike, are you okay?" Will asked. He didn't feel like prying, but he knew if Mike wanted to tell him, he'd answer.

"Yeah. It's not me I'm worried about."

"What do you mean?" Will seemed confused, and Mike felt even worse. Seconds later, he'd just about blurt out the truth because he

felt so terrible about hiding it from Will any longer.

"Will.. I'm so sorry. I just... I just don't want to hurt you."

A pause. There was silence for a while. Mike shifted awkwardly, wondering if he should just get up and leave. He knew he'd just screwed up and made everything worse. He tensed up, pulling the fabric of his jacket closer to his body.

"I'm sorry. I'll just go." Mike spoke, voice barely above a whisper. He stood up, reluctantly.

"Don't go." Will reached out as Mike stood up. His arm, nearly reached up enough from his sitting position to grab onto Mike's hand. He was inches away.

"You can tell me. I'll be fine." Will assured him. Mike took a deep breath, trusting him. He slowly sat back down onto the carpet.

"My parents said things about you. They don't want me to hang around you anymore because you're gay. It made me so angry Will.." He took a shaky breath. "You're my best friend! How could I stand to not be around you anymore?"

"Mike. It's not your fault. Don't blame yourself. I'm fine."

"I'm so sorry Will. But I'm so upset. How could they-?" Mike looked down, and his eyes locked with Will's, as he felt a small hand press up against his cheek. Mike felt a loss for words as he softened against Will's touch. It was unspoken, and even if he wanted to, Mike doubted he could really say anything in that moment.

Will broke the ice. "Mike. It's okay." He warily let his hand fall from Mike's face, unsure if he should've done it in the first place. Another pause.

"Will. You can.." Mike glanced down, and saw as Will's hand rested by his side. Their eyes met again, and Mike felt his chest tighten. He could barely make much of a sound, and he hoped Will heard what he had said. He didn't know if he could muster enough

courage to say it again.

Another second. Another, and another. Suddenly time was fast and slow all at the same time. Ages had passed for Mike, without a chance for him to even blink. Will looked down at his hand, and up again at Mike. He leaned forward, his hand resting against Mike's cheek once again.

They were inches away.

Mike leaned in, breaking their space. His hand too, outstretched. A breath separated them. Mike's hand trailed the base of Will's neck, fingers barely brushing against his hair. Then there was no space at all. Their lips met, and the unspoken tension resolved, into a kiss neither one could ever forget. A first kiss, built from a childhood friendship filled with longing and unrequited feelings. Finally, they had hit their limit, and feelings could be expressed. Their kiss was honesty.

Their lips had finally parted. And now they were just two boys, hearts on their sleeves. Mike sat against the bed, watching Will's expression as he pulled back.

"Mike." Will said, catching Mike's gaze.

"I didn't know if that was too forward." He confessed, hoping Will's reply would put him at ease.

"I've had feelings for you for what feels like forever. Mike, I thought you knew." It was Will's turn to confess. "I mean, you've known about me being gay for the longest time. But how'd you think I figured it out? It was you." He smiled, and Mike couldn't help but smile too.

"I'm just... I'm just so happy right now. But my parents, they're gonna kill me. What's going to happen?" Mike asked. He didn't want to just get up and leave either, but he knew his parents would want him home eventually.

Will took a breath. "My mom.. I think she's gonna take care of it.

Maybe it won't be easy. But she's on my side. I know it's a lot to ask for, but I'm just hoping something will go right for once."

"I don't want to leave you. I want to be able to see you. I just? I can't believe my parents." He sighed, hoping that Will was right. Maybe Joyce could talk some sense into his parents and convince them that they had made a mistake.

The sound of the front door closing had caught Mike's attention. "Your mom, she's home. I think.. I think I should talk to her. She said she would talk to them. I need to know what happened."

Will nodded in response.

"We should... both go." Mike said, looking over to Will. "I mean, it's your fight just as much as it is mine. But before.. I just." He stopped, leaning closer to Will again. "Can we?"

Will knew he needed Mike now, just as much as he needed him. Will moved closer in response, and their lips met once again.